

SHARPE  
1731  
A N E W  
N O R F O L K  
B A L L A D,

Concerning the  
Late *VIE N N A* Treaty.

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Tune of, *A Trifling Song you shall hear, &c.*

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— — — — — *Par Nobile Fratrum.*

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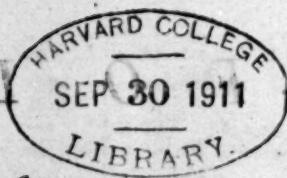


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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Dicks, and sold by the Booksellers of  
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(Price Six-pence.)



Castles fund

*Shine fine*  
D A L I A a

## Comparing the

# УЧЕБНИК ПО АЛГЕБРЕ

## The P R E F A C E.

Whoever has read the *Annals of King Arthur* of immortal Memory, will find that there were two Brothers in his Court who made very distinguishing Figures, their Names were Noodle and Doodle. If any One should suspect me of a Design to impose upon his Understanding, by reason of the great Scarcity and excessive Price of those *Annals*, let him but repair to Mr. Watts's Printing-Office, and there for so small a Price as 1 s. he may be furnished with the *Tragedy of Tragedys*, a Book of unquestionable Authority, wherein the Names and some of the most memorable Actions of those two eminent Courtiers are preserved and transmitted down to Posterity.

Scriblerus Secundus, whose invaluable Annotations can never be sufficiently read or admired, informs us in lib. 2. *De Rebus Gestis Arturii*, that Noodle the eldest of this par nobile Fratrum was the Contriver of that most Illustrious Order of the Knights of the Round Table, and that he was himself one of the first Creation. He likewise tells us, that it was by his means and Administration the Court of King Arthur, that British Hero, was rendered so flourishing at home, and so formidable abroad: That Doodle, who was his Brother every Way, like the two Sisters Foresight and Flail, in Love for Love, being employed in several weighty Negotiations of the utmost Importance, acquitted himself with the utmost Dexterity, and was the Delight and Wonder of every Court where-ever he appeared; in fine, that Britain never made such a Figure in History as under their auspicious Influence and Councils. Every Age and Nation has its Noodles and Doodles: Spain has had her Noodle Alberoni and Ripperda; Rome had her Noodles Albani and Coscia; Vienna her Noodles Eugene and Sinzendorff;

## The P R E F A C E.

dorff; Poland her Noodles Fleming and Hoym; and Muscovy, not to be behind hand, her Noodles Schaffirof, Menzikoff and Dolgoroucki. Noodle Dubois with his Brother Fleury, have adorned the Polite Court of France, and Noodle Oxford and Bellingbroke the Court of Great Britain: Nay, I don't in the least question but that some of the Admirers of a certain Great Man, will think he richly deserves the same Appellation.

But to return to our Knight; having produced such irrefragable Authority of his not being a fictitious but a real Hero, I hope, neither the ingenious Mr. Osborn, or Mr. Walsingham, will pretend to interpret the following Ballad to be an allusion to any Persons now in Being. Treaties were made in the Days of good King Arthur as well as in Ours, and the Interest of England was equally the same then as at present. Wherefore having premised thus much in my Justification, to obviate the Malice of all ignorant Criticks and Censurers, I will detain the Reader no longer in the Porch, but open the Door, and bid him welcome to the best Entertainment he can find.

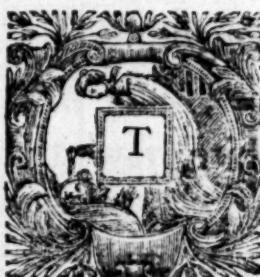
But hold, I had forgot one Thing that will perhaps be thrown in my Teeth; some Blockhead may cry out, Why a Preface to a Ballad? And pray why not a Preface to a Ballad as well as a Sermon. I question whether any Sermon that was preached in K. James II's Reign did more good than Lilli burlero, &c. Besides, to stop the Mouths of such Dunces all at once, be it known to them, that the so much celebrated Odes of Horace were nothing but old Roman Ballads.



A N E W

**N O R F O L K**  
**B A L L A D.**

Tune of, *A Trifling Song you shall hear, &c.*



HE Town being full of Con-  
 fusion,  
 And filling our Ears with Alarms  
 Complaining of Frauds and Pro-  
 fusion,

Bob fear'd they wou'd rise up in Arms,  
 Whereupon, he cries out to his Brother,  
 My Life and my All is at Stake;  
 Therefore to allay all this Pother,  
 A Vienna Treaty I'll make.

B

Have

Have a Care what you do, says old DOODLE,  
 Tho' *Treaties* you cook up with Ease ;  
 I fear you'll be found but a NOODLE,  
 If you think *this* the Storm will appease.  
 All *Treaties* so odious have been,  
 Since that of *Seville* and *Hanover* ;  
 This will never serve you for a *Skreen*,  
 Nor yet your lost Credit recover.

Tush, Tush, quoth the *Knight*, in a Passion,  
 I have thought how my Bacon to save ;  
 I never yet valued the Nation,  
 They'll find me no Fool, tho' a Knave.  
 Your Fears then at once to remove,  
 And all cavilling *Ninnys* strike Dumb ;  
 The House shall my Conduct approve,  
 I have most of them under my Thumb.

Quoth DOODLE again to the *Knight*,  
 That's very good News, if it's true ;  
 But shou'd there come any Cross-bite,  
 In what a fine Pickle are you ?  
 The Members, who're not of your Faction,  
 A hundred cramp Questions will ask ;  
 To answer them to Satisfaction,  
 Will, I fear, prove a very hard Task.

Are

Are the Works at *Dunkirk* demolish'd?  
*Port Mahon* and *Gibraltar* secur'd?  
 Is the *Oftend* Charter abolish'd?  
 Your Treaty 'll ne'er else be endur'd.  
 Have the Merchants amends for their *Losses*?  
 Do the *Spanish* Hostilities cease?  
 If no End is put to these *Crosses*;  
 Will *P-ltn-y* d' ye think hold his *Peace*?

You stumble at *Straws*, quoth the *Knight*,  
 I value him not of a *Flea*;  
 He ne're yet got any thing by't,  
 When he offer'd to meddle with me.  
 Whilst *Pensions* and *Bribes* do prevail,  
 And *R-v-r-nd B-nch* will stand by me,  
 To him I shall never turn *Tail*,  
 Then as soon as he will let him try me.

'Tis true they have been your fast Friends,  
 And very good Service they've done you;  
 But were it not for their own Ends,  
 As much as they court you, they'd shun you.  
 Therefore, *NODDLE*, take care e're too late,  
 For should they chance once to forsake you,  
 Remember, I tell you your *Fate*,  
 The Halter or *Ax* will o'er take you.

Prithee, DOODLE, look you to yourself,  
 You are not yet a Prophet I hope ;  
 No M-n-st-r with half my Pelf,  
 Ever suffer'd by *Ax* or by *Rope*.  
 In vain then *P-lm-y* may preach,  
 And to bring me to Punishment try ;  
 Since those Persons who should me impeach,  
 Are as deep in the Mire as I.

The *French* then *Dunkirk* may keep,  
 And *Gibraltar* may be surrender'd ;  
 But to lull the People asleep,  
 There shall be an *Equivalent* tender'd.  
 Hold, Brother, think well what you've said,  
 That Word is now grown out of Fashion ;  
 Ever since the *Union* was made,  
 It has been abhor'd by the Nation.

Then cease your vain Fears, my old Boy,  
 I warrant you we are secure ;  
 In Peace we'll our Treasures enjoy,  
 Since I've made a *Majority* sure.  
 Yet are you not safe, my dear *Knight*,  
 Tho' by them you should be acquitted ;  
 Should the People's Rage come to a height,  
 They may rise, and you be *De-Witted*.